


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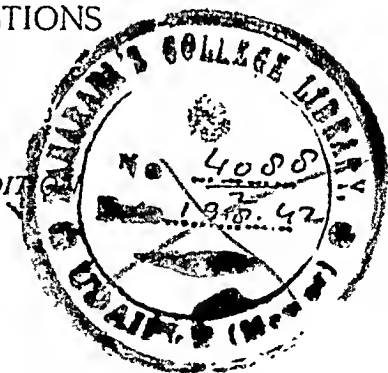
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THE NEW  
MATRICULATION SCHEME  
BOOK OF  
ENGLISH VERSE

STORY POEMS: LYRICS:  
SONNETS: LONGER POEMS:  
EXTRACTS FROM LONGER  
POEMS

EDITED WITH  
NOTES, SUMMARIES  
AND QUESTIONS

SECOND EDITION



BOMBAY  
K. & J. COOPER  
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS

27118

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## NOTE.

This book is compiled from the following list of works in use drawn up by the Board of Studies in English of the University of Bombay:—

Pope	: The Rape of the Lock.
Goldsmith	: The Traveller
"	: The Deserted Village
Gray	: Elegy
Cowper	: John Gilpin
Scott	: The Lay of the Last Minstrel
"	: Marmion
"	: The Lady of the Lake
Coleridge	: The Ancient Mariner
"	: Christabel
Wordsworth	: Laodamia
"	: Michael
Kats	: The Eve of St. Agnes
Tennyson	: Lancelot and Elaine
"	: The Passing of Arthur
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The heads of recognized schools shall be required by the Syndicate to certify that every candidate sent up for the Matriculation Examination has read at least 1000 verses from one or more of the works mentioned in the list. (*Vide* Circular No. M. 1190 of 1936.)

So that the candidate may be able to study the poems, if necessary, by himself, he is provided with Notes, Summaries and Questions.

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# THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE

## PART I.\*

### STORY POEMS, LYRICS AND SONNETS.

#### 1. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound  
Cries ' Boatman, do not tarry !  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry !'

' Now who be ye, ' would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water ? '

' O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

8

' And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together,  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

' His horsemen hard behind us ride —  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover ? '

16

---

\* All the poems in this Part appear in Palgrave's " Golden Treasury,"  
Book IV.

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
    'I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :  
It is not for your silver bright,  
    But for your winsome lady :—

'And by my word ! the bonny bird  
    In danger shall not tarry ;  
So though the waves are raging white  
    I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

24

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
    The water-wraith was shrieking ;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
    Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind  
    And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode arméd men,  
    Their trampling sounded nearer.

32

'O haste thee, haste !' the lady cries,  
    'Though tempests round us gather ;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
    But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,  
    A stormy sea before her,—  
When, oh ! too strong for human hand  
    The tempest gather'd o'er her.

40

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
    Of waters fast prevailing :  
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—  
    His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade  
His child he did discover :—  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover. 48

'Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief  
Across this stormy water :  
'And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter !—O my daughter !'

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
Return or aid preventing :  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL

## 2. THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,  
And lovers' ears in hearing ;  
And love, in life's extremity,  
Can lend an hour of cheering.  
Disease had been in Mary's bower  
And slow decay from mourning,  
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower  
To watch her love's returning. 8

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,  
Her form decay'd by pining,  
Till through her wasted hand, at night,  
You saw the taper shining.  
By fits a sultry hectic hue  
Across her cheek was flying ;  
—By fits so ashy pale she grew  
Her maidens thought her dying. 16

Yet keenest powers to see and hear  
 Seem'd in her frame residing ;  
 Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear  
 She heard her lover's riding ;  
 Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd  
 She knew and waved to greet him,  
 And o'er the battlement did bend  
 As on the wing to meet him.

24

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze,  
 As o'er some stranger glancing ;  
 Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,  
 Lost in his courser's prancing —  
 The castle-arch, whose hollow tone  
 Returns each whisper spoken,  
 Could scarcely catch the feeble moan  
 Which told her heart was broken.

SIR W. SCOTT

### 3. EARL MARCH LOOK'D ON HIS DYING CHILD.

Earl March look'd on his dying child,  
 And, smit with grief to view her —  
 'The youth,' he cried, 'whom I exiled  
 Shall be restored to woo her.'

She's at the window many an hour  
 His coming to discover :  
 And he look'd up to Ellen's bower  
 And she look'd on her lover —

8

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,  
 Though her smile on him was dwelling —  
 'And am I then forgot—forgot?'  
 It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,  
 Her cheek is cold as ashes;  
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes  
 To lift their silken lashes.

T. CAMPBELL

#### 4. ROSABELLE.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!  
 No haughty feat of arms I tell;  
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay  
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!  
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!  
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day. 8

'The blackening wave is edged with white;  
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;  
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,  
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view  
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;  
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;  
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?' 16

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir  
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
 But that my ladye-mother there  
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
 But that my sire the wine will chide  
 If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle.' 24

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,  
    'Who put the French to rout;  
But what they fought each other for  
    I could not well make out.  
But everybody said,' quoth he,  
    'That 'twas a famous victory. 36

'My father lived at Blenheim then,  
    Yon little stream hard by;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
    And he was forced to fly:  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head. 42

'With fire and sword the country round  
    Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then  
    And new-born baby died:  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory. 48

'They say it was a shocking sight  
    After the field was won;  
For many thousand bodies here  
    Lay rotting in the sun:  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory. 54

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won  
    And our good Prince Eugene;'  
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'  
    Said little Wilhelmine;  
'Nay . . nay . . my little girl,' quoth he,  
'It was a famous victory. 60

'And everybody praised the Duke  
Who this great fight did win.'  
'But what good came of it at last?'  
Quoth little Peterkin:—  
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,  
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

R. SOUTHEY

## 6. LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge has wither'd from the Lake,  
And no birds sing.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!  
So haggard and so woe begone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest's done.

8

'I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.'

'I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful — a fairy's child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

16

'I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She look'd at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

' I set her on my pacing steed  
 And nothing else saw all day long,  
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
 A fairy's song. 24

' She found me roots of relish sweet,  
 And honey wild and manna dew,  
 And sure in language strange she said  
 " I love thee true."

' She took me to her elfin grot,  
 And there she wept and sigh'd full sore ;  
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes  
 With kisses four. 32

' And there she lulled me asleep,  
 And there I dream'd — Ah ! woe betide !  
 The latest dream I ever dream'd  
 On the cold hill's side.

' I saw pale Kings and Princes too,  
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;  
 They cried — " La belle Dame sans Merci  
 Hath thee in thrall ! " 40

' I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
 With horrid warning gapéd wide,  
 And I awoke and found me here  
 On the cold hill's side.

' And this is why I sojourn here  
 Alone and palely loitering,  
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the Lake,  
 And no birds sing.'

J. KEATS



## 7. MY HEART LEAPS UP.

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky :

So was it when my life began,

So is it now I am a man ;

So be it when I shall grow old,

5

Or let me die !

The Child is father of the Man ;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

W. WORDSWORTH

## 8. THE LOST LOVE.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways

Beside the springs of Dove ;

A maid whom there were none to praise,

And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone

5

Half hidden from the eye !

—Fair as a star, when only one

Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know

When Lucy ceased to be ;

10

But she is in her grave, and, oh,

The difference to me !

W. WORDSWORTH

## 9. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw  
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again. 8

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:  
 'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way  
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung. 16

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;  
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

'Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!'—  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—  
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. CAMPBELL

## 10. HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

8

By torch and trumpet fast array'd  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade  
And furious every charger neigh'd  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of Heaven  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

16

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow;  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

24

The combat deepens. On, ye brave  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

14 THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME

Few, few shall part, where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

T. CAMPBELL.

11. THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

6

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

12

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood ;  
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeing to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

18

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

C. LAMB

## 12. PAST AND PRESENT.

I remember, I remember

The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;

He never came a wink too soon

Nor brought too long a day ;

But now, I often wish the night

Had borne my breath away.

8

I remember, I remember

The roses, red and white,

The violets, and the lily-cups —

Those flowers made of light !

The lilacs where the robin built,

And where my brother set

The laburnum on his birth-day,—

The tree is living yet !

16

I remember, I remember

Where I was used to swing,

And thought the air must rush as fresh

To swallows on the wing ;

My spirit flew in feathers then

That is so heavy now,

And summer pools could hardly cool

The fever on my brow.

24

I remember, I remember

The fir trees dark and high ;

I used to think their slender tops

Were close against the sky :

It was a childish ignorance,  
 But now 'tis little joy  
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
 Than when I was a boy.

T. HOOD

## 13. THE ROVER.

' A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine!  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue for wine.  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien, 5  
 A feather of the blue,  
 A doublet of the Lincoln green —  
 No more of me you knew  
 My Love!  
 No more of me you knew. 10

' This morn is merry June, I trow,  
 The rose is budding fain;  
 But she shall bloom in winter snow  
 Ere we two meet again.'  
 He turn'd his charger as he spake 15  
 Upon the river shore,  
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
 Said ' Adieu for evermore  
 My Love!  
 And adieu for evermore.' /

SIR W. SCOTT

## 14. THE OUTLAW.

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton Hall

Beneath the turrets high,

6

A Maiden on the castle-wall

Was singing merrily :

'O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,

And Greta woods are green ;

I'd rather rove with Edmund there

Than reign our English queen.'

12

'If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,

To leave both tower and town,

Thou first must guess what life lead we

That dwell by dale and down.

And if thou canst that riddle read,

As read full well you may,

18

Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed

As blithe as Queen of May.'

Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,

And Greta woods are green ;

I'd rather rove with Edmund there

Than reign our English queen.

24

'I read you by your bugle-horn

And by your palfrey good,

I read you for a ranger sworn

To keep the king's greenwood.'

'A ranger, lady, winds his horn,

And 'tis at peep of light ;

30

His blast is heard at merry morn,  
 And mine at dead of night.'  
 Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are gay;  
 I would I were with Edmund there  
 To reign his Queen of May! 36

'With burnish'd brand and musketoon  
 So gallantly you come,  
 I read you for a bold Dragoon  
 That lists the tuck of drum.'  
 'I list no more the tuck of drum,  
 No more the trumpet hear; 42  
 But when the beetle sounds his hum  
 My comrades take the spear.  
 And O! though Brignall banks be fair  
 And Greta woods be gay,  
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
 Would reign my Queen of May! 48

'Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
 A nameless death I'll die;  
 The fiend whose lantern lights the mead  
 Were better mate than I!  
 And when I'm with my comrades met  
 Beneath the greenwood bough,— 54  
 What once we were we all forget,  
 Nor think what we are now.'

*Chorus.*

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there  
 Would grace a summer queen.

SIR W. SCOTT



## 15. THE CORONAON.

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The font reappearing  
From the raindrops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow !

8

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest,  
But our flower was in flushing  
When blighting was nearest.

16

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber !  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone and for ever !

SIR W. SCOTT

20 THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME

16. A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast  
And fills the white and rustling sail  
And bends the gallant mast ;  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While like the eagle free  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

8

O for a soft and gentle wind !  
I heard a fair one cry ;  
But give to me the snoring breeze  
And white waves heaving high ;  
And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
The good ship tight and free—  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.

16

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud ;  
But hark the music, mariners !  
The wind is piping loud ;  
The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashes free—  
While the hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.

A. CUNNINGHAM

17. THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE  
AT OORUNNA.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light  
And the lantern dimly burning.

8

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

16

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

24

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory.

## 18. THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the Dead are past;  
 Around me I behold,  
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
 The mighty minds of old;  
 My never-failing friends are they,  
 With whom I converse day by day. 6

With them I take delight in weal  
 And seek relief in woe;  
 And while I understand and feel  
 How much to them I owe,  
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd  
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude. 12

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them  
 I live in long-past years,  
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
 Partake their hopes and fears,  
 And from their lessons seek and find  
 Instruction with an humble mind. 18

My hopes are with the Dead; anon  
 My place with them will be,  
 And I with them shall travel on  
 Through all Futurity;  
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
 That will not perish in the dust.

R. SOUTHEY

## 19. TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice :  
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear ;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

8

Though babbling only to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery ;

16

The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listen'd to ; that Cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green ;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
Still longed for, never seen !

24

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blesséd Bird! the earth we pace  
 Again appears to be  
 An unsubstantial, fairy place,  
 That is fit home for Thee!

W. WORDSWORTH

## 20. THE REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,  
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
 Reaping and singing by herself;  
 Stop here, or gently pass!  
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
 And sings a melancholy strain;  
 O listen! for the vale profound  
 Is overflowing with the sound.

8

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
 More welcome notes to weary bands  
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
 Among Arabian sands:  
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
 Breaking the silence of the seas  
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

16

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
 And battles long ago:  
 Or is it some more humble lay,  
 Familiar matter of to-day?  
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
 That has been, and may be again!

24

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
 As if her song could have no ending;  
 I saw her singing at her work,  
 And o'er the sickle bending;—  
 I listen'd, motionless and still;  
 And, as I mounted up the hill,  
 The music in my heart I bore  
 Long after it was heard no more.

W. WORDSWORTH

## 21. THE DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd,  
 A host of golden daffodils,  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. 6

Continuous as the stars that shine  
 And twinkle on the milky way,  
 They stretched in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of a bay:  
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. 12

The waves beside them danced, but they  
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
 A Poet could not but be gay  
 In such a jocund company!  
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
 What wealth the show to me had brought; 18

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
 " In yacant or in pensive mood,  
 They flash upon that inward eye  
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
 And dances with the daffodils.

J. W. WORDSWORTH

## 22. WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I heard a thousand blended notes  
 While in a grove I sat reclined,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
 The human soul that through me ran ;  
 And much it grieved my heart to think  
 What man has made of man.

8

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,  
 The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;  
 And 'tis my faith that every flower  
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,  
 Their thoughts I cannot measure —  
 But the least motion which they made  
 It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

16

The budding twigs spread out their fan  
 To catch the breezy air ;  
 And I must think, do all I can,  
 That there was pleasure there.



If this belief from heaven be sent,  
 If such be Nature's holy plan,  
 Have I not reason to lament  
 What man has made of man?

W. WORDSWORTH

23. SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight,  
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight;  
 A lovely apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament;  
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;  
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
 But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time, and the cheerful dawn;  
 A dancing shape, an image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.  
 I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A spirit, yet a woman too!  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin-liberty;  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
 A creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food,  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.  
 And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine;  
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A traveller between life and death:

The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
 A perfect woman, nobly plann'd  
 To warn, to comfort, and command;  
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light

W. WORDSWORTH

## 24. TO THE SKYLARK.

Æthereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

Or while the wings <sup>aspire</sup>, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,

Those quivering wings composed, that music still! 6

To the last point of vision, and beyond

Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain

'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:

Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing

All independent of the leafy Spring. 12

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;

A privacy of glorious light is thine,

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine;

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—

True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

W. WORDSWORTH

## 25. TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!

Bird thou never wert,

That from heaven, or near it

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

5

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest,

Like a cloud of fire,

The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning

Of the sunken sun

O'er which clouds are brightening,

Thou dost float and run,

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

15

The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight;

Like a star of heaven

In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

20

Keen as are the arrows

Of that silver sphere,

Whose intense lamp narrows

In the white dawn clear

Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

25

All the earth and air

With thy voice is loud,

As, when night is bare,

From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-  
flow'd.

30

- What thou art we know not ;  
 What is most like thee ?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody ;— 35  
 Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not : 40  
 Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower : 45  
 Like a glow-worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its aerial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the  
 view : 50  
 Like a rose embower'd  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflower'd,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd  
 thieves. 55  
*Sound of vernal showers*  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass. 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine :  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

Chorus hymeneal  
 Or triumphal chaunt  
 Match'd with thine, would be all  
 But an empty vaunt—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want, 70

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain ?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?  
 What shapes of sky or plain ?

What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of  
 pain ? 75

With thy clear keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be :  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee :

Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,

Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ? 85

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not :  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught ;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
 thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now!  
 P. B. SHELLEY

## 26. OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT.

I met a traveller from an antique land  
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown  
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,  
 The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed; 8  
 And on the pedestal these words appear:  
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P. B. SHELLEY

27. ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S  
HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold : 8

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. KEATS

## PART II.

### LONGER POEMS.

#### 28. ENOCH ARDEN.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ; 5  
And high in heaven behind it a grey down  
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, 10  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad  
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd 15  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,  
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;  
And built their castles of dissolving sand  
To watch them overflow'd, or following up 20  
And flying the white breaker, daily left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away.



A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:  
In this the children play'd at keeping house.  
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, 25  
While Annie still was mistress; but at times  
Enoch would hold possession for a week:  
'This is my house and this my little wife.'  
'Mine too' said Philip 'turn and turn about':  
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made 30  
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes  
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,  
Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this  
The little wife would weep for company,  
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake, 35  
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,  
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun  
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart  
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love, 40  
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl  
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;  
But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,  
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set  
A purpose evermore before his eyes, 45  
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,  
To purchase his own boat, and make a home  
For Annie; and so prosper'd that at last  
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe 50  
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast  
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year  
On board a merchantman, and made himself  
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life

From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas : 55  
 And all men look'd upon him favourably :  
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May  
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home  
 For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up  
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill. 60

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,  
 The younger people making holiday,  
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small,  
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd  
 (His father lying sick and needing him) 65  
 An hour behind ; but as he climb'd the hill,  
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair, *up the hill*  
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,  
 His large grey eyes and weather-beaten face 70  
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire, *the fire*  
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,  
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;  
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,  
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life 75  
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;  
 There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,  
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past  
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells, 80  
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,  
 Seven happy years of health and competence, &  
 And mutual love and honourable toil ;  
 With children ; first a daughter. In him woke,  
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish 85

To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
 And give his child a better bringing-up  
 Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,  
 When two years after came a boy to be  
 The rosy idol of her solitudes, *The rosy idol* 90  
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,  
 Or often journeying landward; for in truth  
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil  
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,  
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales, 95  
 Not only to the market-cross were known,  
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,  
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,  
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,  
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering. 100

Then came a change, as all things human change.  
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port  
 Open'd a larger haven: thither used  
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea;  
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast 105  
 In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:  
 A limb was broken when they lifted him;  
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife  
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:  
 Another hand crept too across his trade *The wife's* 110  
 Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,  
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,  
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.  
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,  
 To see his children leading evermore 115  
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,

And her, he loved, a beggar : then he pray'd  
 'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'  
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship  
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance, 12  
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,  
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,  
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go ?  
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,  
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place ? 12  
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd  
 No graver than as when some little cloud  
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 13  
 And isles a light in the offing : yet the wife —  
 When he was gone — the children — what to do ?  
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans ;  
 To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —  
 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her ! 13  
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —  
 And yet to sell her — then with what she brought  
 Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth in trade.  
 With all that seamen needed or their wives —  
 So might she keep the house while he was gone 14  
 Should he not trade himself out yonder ? go  
 This voyage more than once ? yea twice or thrice —  
 As oft as needed — last, returning rich,  
 Become the master of a larger craft,  
 With fuller profits lead an easier life, 1  
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all :  
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,  
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born. 150  
Forward she started with a happy cry,  
And laid the feeble infant in his arms :  
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,  
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,  
But had no heart to break his purposes 155  
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt  
Her finger, Annie fought against his will :  
Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
But manifold entreaties, many a tear, 160  
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd  
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
For her or his dear children, not to go.  
He not for his own self caring but her, 165  
Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;  
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend.  
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand  
To fit their little streetward sitting-room 170  
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.  
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,  
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,  
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear  
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang, 175  
Till this was ended, and his careful hand, —  
The space was narrow, — having order'd all  
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs

40 THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME

Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,  
Who needs would work for Annie to the last, 180  
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell  
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,  
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him  
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man 185  
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery  
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,  
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes  
Whatever came to him : and then he said  
' Annie, this voyage by the grace of God 190  
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.  
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'  
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle ' and he,  
This pretty, puny, weakly little one,— 195  
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—  
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees  
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,  
And make him merry, when I come home again.  
Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go.' 200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,  
And almost hoped herself ; but when he turn'd  
The current of his talk to graver things  
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard, 205  
Heard and not heard him ; as the village girl,  
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,  
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise ; 210  
And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.  
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here  
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass, 215  
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,  
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,  
Look to the babes, and till I come again,  
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go. 220  
And fear no more for me ; or if you fear  
Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.  
Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these  
Can I go from Him ? and the sea is His, 225  
The sea is His : He made it.'

Enoch rose,  
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,  
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones ;  
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept 230  
After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said  
Wake him not ; let him sleep ; how should the child  
Remember this ? ' and kiss'd him in his cot.  
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt 235  
A tiny curl, and gave it : this he kept  
Thro' all his future ; but now hastily caught  
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

42 THE NEW MATRICULATION SCHEME

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,  
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps 240  
 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye:  
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;  
 She saw him not: and while he stood on deck  
 Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail 245  
 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him:  
 Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,  
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,  
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred  
 To barter, nor compensating the want 250  
 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,  
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
 And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say?'  
 For more than once, in days of difficulty  
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less 255  
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold:  
 She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,  
 Expectant of that news which never came,  
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,  
 And lived a life of silent melancholy. 260

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew  
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it  
 With all a mother's care: nevertheless,  
 Whether her business often call'd her from it,  
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most, 265  
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell  
 What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,  
 After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —  
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
 The little innocent soul flitted away. 270



In that same week when Annie buried it,  
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace  
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),  
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.  
'Surely' said Philip 'I may see her now, 275  
May be some little comfort'; therefore went,  
Past thro' the solitary room in front,  
Paused for a moment at an inner door,  
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,  
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief, 280  
Fresh from the burial of her little one,  
Cared not to look on any human face,  
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.  
Then Philip standing up said falteringly  
'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.' 285

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply  
'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn  
As I am!' half abash'd him; yet unask'd,  
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
He set himself beside her, saying to her: 290

'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,  
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said  
You chose the best among us — a strong man:  
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'. 295  
And wherefore did he go this weary way,  
And leave you lonely? not to see the world —  
For pleasure? — nay, but for the wherewithal  
To give his babes a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish. 300

And if he come again, vex'd will he be  
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.  
 And it would vex him even in his grave,  
 If he could know his babes were running wild  
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now — 305  
 Have we not known each other all our lives?  
 I do beseech you by the love you bear  
 Him and his children not to say me nay —  
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again  
 Why then he shall repay me — if you will, 310  
 Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do.  
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school :  
 This is the favour that I came to ask.'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall  
 Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face ; 315  
 I seem so foolish and so broken down.  
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down ;  
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down ;  
 But Enoch lives ; that is borne in on me :  
 He will repay you : money can be repaid ; 320  
 Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd  
 'Then you will let me, Annie?' ✓

There she turn'd,  
 She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him, 325  
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,  
 Then calling down a blessing on his head  
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,  
 And past into the little garth beyond. *enclosure, garden.*  
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away. 330